Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
With the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of *Carleile.*
Bul. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Caſtle,
Through braſen Trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kiſſe king *Richards* hand,
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his Royall perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of ſlaughtered Englinſhmen?
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch chrimſon tempeſt ſhould be drencht,
The freſh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderlie ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the graſſie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drumme,
That from this Caſtles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well peruſd.
Me thinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The Trumpet ſound, Richard app
Bull. See, ſee, King Richard d
As doth the bluſhing diſcontente
From out the fierie portall of the
When he perceiues the enuious
To dimme his glorie, and to ſtai
Of his bright paſſage to the Occ
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a Ki
As bright as is the Eagles, lighte
Controlling Maieſtie; alacke f
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo
King. We are amazd, and thu
To watch the fearefull bending c
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe the
And if we be, how dare thy ioynt
To pay their awefull dutie to our
If we be not, ſhew vs the hand o
That hath diſmiſt vs from our St
For well we know, no hand of blo
Can gripe the ſacred handle of o
Vnleſſe he do prophane, ſteale,
And though you thinke that alla
Haue torne their ſoules, by turni
And we are barren and bereft of f
Yet know, my Maiſter GOD omn
Is muſtering in his clouds on ou
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſ
Your Children yet vnborne, and
That lift your vaſſaile hands agai
And threat the glorie of my prec
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me th
That euerie ſtride he makes upo
Is dangerous treaſon: he is come
The purple Teſtament of bleedi
But ere the Crowne he lookes fo
Ten thouſand bloody crownes o
Shall ill become the flower of En
Change the complexion of May

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (J